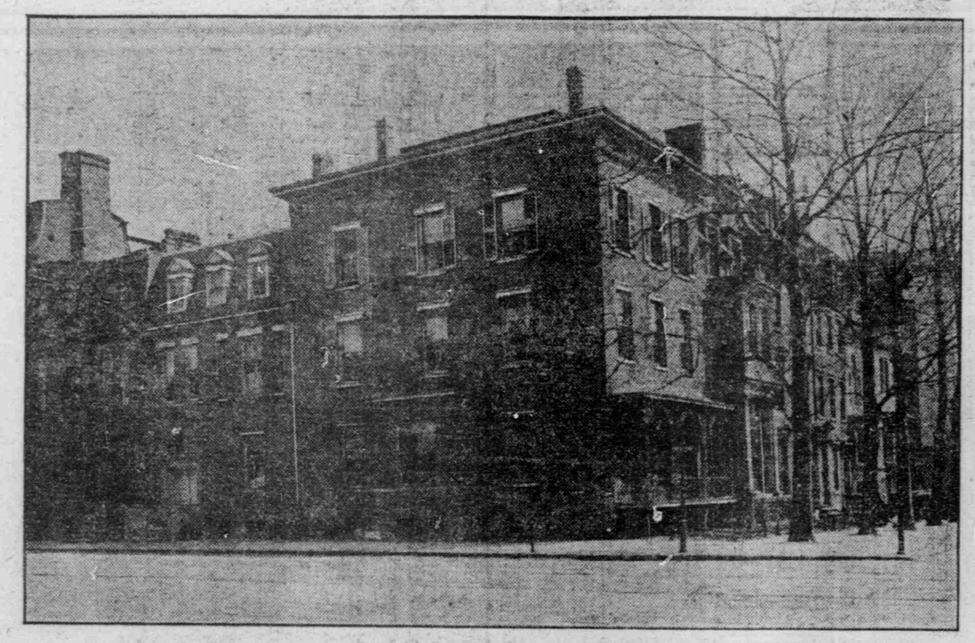
LITTLE KNOWN ROMANCES OF WASHINGTON HOMES

NUMBER NINE

How Adele Cutts Won the Heart of Lincoln's Opponent

Beautiful Product of Old Madison House on Lafayette Square.

Inheritrix of Dolly Madison's Charms and Gay Sovereignty.



HERE SOCIETY FLOCKED IN GOOD OLD DAYS.
Famous home of James and Dolly Madison, where Adele Cutts entered upon heritage of grace and beauty.

GAY AND GRACIOUS DOLLY MADISON.
Mistress of the White House, and long leader of Washington society.

"THE house on your left is the home of the Cosmos Clu-u-u-b. It was for many years the home of Dolly Madison, wife of President James Madison, and a great bel-l-l-e. The Cosmos Club is one of the most exclusive scientific clubs in the worl-l-l-d."

Thus bawls the megaphone of the "Seeing Washington" car as it rolls its load past Fifteenth Street and the Arlington twice a day. The sightseers turn their tired eyes toward a gray, pebble-dashed building, give it a dull glance, and then bob their heads violently to the other side to view the home of Charles Sumner.

The megaphone and the "Seeing Washington" guide ought to be hanged for perjury—not the perjury of misrepresentation, but the perjury of telling only half the truth. Dolly Madison and the Cosmos Club—noteworthy as they are—do not constitute the only interest in this house. Almost anyone would be glad to hear, also, that it was the residence for many years of the beautiful Adele Cutts, and that here Admiral Wilkes made the acquaintance of Senator Slidell, his neighbor of a few doors along Lafayette Square, whom he was soon to seize on the high seas.

The Girl and the House.

Indeed, no one else has as great a right to identity with "the Dolly Madison House" as Adele Cutts; for she was one of its products. Her grandfather, Richard Cutts, had married in 1804 Anna Payne, the youngest sister of the Dolly Payne, who subsequently became famous as Dolly Payne Madison. Squire Cutts built a home in Washington soon after Madison's election, and when his sister-in-law entered the White House Cutts and Mrs. Cutts, with their children, became an important factor in the Republic's society.

How much they were in evidence is manifest at a glance through the newspapers of that day. A couplet paraparased from "John Gilpin's Ride" was particularly emphasized. It was supposedly addressed to Madison, and ran:

My sister Cutts, and Cutts and I, and Cutts' children three,
Will fill the coach, so you must ride on horseback after we.

The Little Child's Court.

One of these "Cutts' children three" was a boy, James Madison Cutts, who subsequently rose to the office of Second Comptroller of the Treasury and married the charming Ellen O'Neale, of Maryland. When James Madison and Ellen, his bride, came back from their honeymoon trop to "Montpelier," old Richard Cutts established his new daughter as the mistress of his Congressional home. It was under these circumstances that Adele Cutts came into the world, in 1835.

The death of James Madison occurred at "Montpelier" a year later and the ex-President's widow found life too empty at the great country estate to be endured. Accordingly she came to Washington and took possession of the Cutts house, her brother-in-law having mortgaged it to Madison and died without having repaid the loan. The little baby grandniece then and through many later years held an enviable position. She was an only daughter, the close companion of her brilliant mother. Much of her time until her fifteenth year was spent with a grand-aunt who charmed and governed the society of Washington apparently without effort. A courtly father introduced her to every man prominent in affairs and of her own social rank. Her home, with its gardens, reaching back along H Street an entire block, was one of the most beautiful dwellings in the city, and she remained sweet and childish in spite of it all.

An American Succession.

Mrs. Madison's courtiers fell away from the gentle old lady when her great-niece reached the age of fourteen. They had yielded to the one power strong enough to overcome the queenly widow's proud spirit. But they found a worthy successor in the same family.

Adele Cutts must have been much more beautiful and little less magnetic than her aunt. Mrs. Madison's great-niece, says one biographer, already possessed a beauty of the purest Greek type, whose stateliness increased as she advanced toward womanhood.

"The faultless outline of her profile, the shapeliness of her head, her large, dark eyes, her chestnut hair that showed glints of a golden hue in the sunshine, the creamy tone of her skin, the perfect proportion and development of her tall figure, all combined to make the rare beauty of a personality whose charm was augmented two-fold by her own unconsciousness of its rich possessions."

Five Years of Beaux.

About five years of girlhood were spent in light-hearted, happy, innocent gayety. She went every summer to White Sulphur Springs, and there danced, or sang, or sewed, or walked the lawn in her white frocks, to the delight of all the old ladies and the consternation of all the old beaux. In the winters came dances at her old school—Madame Burr's Academy—grand balls at the several legations, and great assemblies at the White House.

Miss Peacock relates in a delightful essay how one of Adele Cutts' elderly admirers at White Sulphur Springs forfeited the only opportunity she ever gave him to propose to her.

"He came from New Orleans," says the essayist, "and was blessed with many good things, including sons and daughters older than Miss Cutts. At a fancy dress ball she appeared completely disguised in the character of a housekeeper, having borrowed the entire costume, including the cap, apron, and bunch of keys at her side, from the housekeeper of the hotel.

"Before anyone had a chance to speculate on her identity, discovering her old admirer among the spectators of the gay and bewildering scene, she approached demurely and asked him if he did not need a housekeeper. He parried the question somewhat playfully and ended by answering in the negative. She dropped him a courtesy with a grace no housekeeper could emulate, jeering at him with laughing eyes over her mask and disappeared in the throng oftheballroom.

The Coming of the War.

A mind sharpened by conversation with the best men of the fifties could not long be content with such occupation. The sky was two ominously overcast with secession, the air was too heavy with conflict over slavery, society was too thin a veneer over a division of forces in Washington which should soon involve the nation. Seward, Gallatin, and Greeley were firing heavy ammunition at slavery out of large-bore guns. President Pierce, Lewis Cass, James Buchanan, and Stephen A. Douglas were busily engaged in smothering that fire with mufflers of oratory and wads of cloture. As the fight continued it grew in violence, and for lesser women than Adele Cutts it overshadowed even the vanity of their own little lives.

Douglas divided honors with Buchanan as the foremost Democrat. In 1856 the two were opposed by their supporters as candidates for the Republican nomination. Franklin Pierce was also a candidate—on the ground of a successful administration; but he did not count seriously in the result. As Senator Benton said, he came into the Presidency almost unanimously, and went out by the same vote.

Two Campaigns at Once.

The fight was a stiff one while it lasted. But it was not the only fight Douglas was making that summer. Early in the previous winter he had met Adele Cutts in the White House. He was a widower then, and had two sons. He was also the most effective and powerful speaker in Congress. It is significent, therefore, that he fell a victim to the charms of this young girl.

We are forced to speculate as to their courtship. We know, of course, of Adele Cutts' charm and we know also that Douglas' biographers recorded that he "had wonderfully magnet powers and usually carried his audience with him." But how such a hunter would seek such a quarry we do not know. It would be a strong woman, though, who could withstand a lover hurrying to her side while the ears of his colleagues in the Senate still rang with one of his speeches.

The convention was held in Baltimore and ended disastrously for Douglas. When the result became plain to the delegates, many of those who were the Little Giant's supporters buried their faces in their arms and cried like children. Their leader bore defeat more gracefully; he set about to help elect his rival, and when the campaign came to an end he hurried to Washington and won his other fight.

A Great House Neglected.

A fine residence was built for the new Mrs. Douglas. It stood with two others on the crest of a hill north of the Capitol. One of these has now become the seat of the Papal legation. Another was once the home of General Sherman. Always, whoever their tenants, those three buildings have been conspicuous for their dignity and impressiveness. The distinguishing feature of the Douglas dwelling, perhaps, was that it had a ballroom, a rare construction, indeed, before the war.

There was, of course, a great deal of entertaining in this house; but there was not nearly as much as one would think. Douglas was kept much in Illinois. His great contest was on with Lincoln, and the small man fought a great man for his re-election. Mrs. Douglas went along, covered the whole circuit of joint debates, and while she then earned Lincoln's warm and strong friendship, she also lost much opportunity to give parties. The second limit on her entertainments was even less avoidable—the mistrust and uneasiness which gathered new strength every year of Buchanan's Administration.

In a few years the storm burst, and with it the hopes of Stephen Douglas. His friends made him the war-Democrat candidate for the Presidency, but he might as well have been out of the race. The spirit of freedom which had arisen had determined to annihilate slavery, not to subdue it. The Douglas cause was hopeless.

Three months after his old rival and his older friend was elected, the Little Giant was dead. Out in the northernmost city of his State, his long career of half-results came to an end. He lay for several moments, say his biographers, with his eye fixed on his beautiful young wife. At length, she asked him if he had any message for his sons.

"Tell them to obey the laws of the land," he said, solemnly, "and to support the Constitution of the United States."

The Last Years in Washington.

The life which followed for Adele Cutts was of quite another character. For five years she lived quietly in her old home. There at a dinner she met a Capt. Robert Williams—there was no splendor in those days like that of a noble army service—and was captured by him. And then, as her second husband rose higher and higher in rank, she traveled with him from army post to army post, sharing the fare of the frontier and the honor of her husband's progress.

General Williams eventually became Adjutant General, and so Adele Cutts was able to spend her last years in Washington, within easy access of the house where she was born. One day in January, 1899, she saw her eldest daughter—there were six children by her second marriage—married to a lieutenant in the regulary army; and only a few days afterward this young bride saw the mother laid quietly in a grave. But the mother had lived a long life and a beauitful one, and the story of it makes the old pebble-dashed house in Lafayette Square shine with interest.

A WIFE WON, A PRESIDENCY LOST.
Stephen A. Douglas forgot politics in charms of Adele Cutts.

Laughed and Danced Her Way Into the Affections of Douglas.

Great Senator Left Halls of Congress to Urge His Suit With Her.

CURIOUS STATE OF WHALEBONE INDUSTRY

WHALEBONE is selling at $6.50 a pound, and yet the whaling industry is dying! It is a curious, almost an incredible situation, and yet it is the fact. Whaling, the most picturesque and at one time the most extensive of American maritime industries, which built up and supported half a dozen of the most flourishing New England towns of forty or fifty years ago, will soon be extinct as an industry, and is never likely to become popular as a sport; and yet it was cabled from London a week or two ago that two and a quarter tons of whalebone had sold there at £3,000 a ton, and that there only remained on the market in all the world about four tons of whalebone. So that it is likely to be going higher yet.

At present the entire whaling business of this country, and that means practically of the world, is in the hands of the Pacific Steam Whaling Company, with headquarters at San Francisco and agencies in the East. Said E. K. Austin, of New York, who recently visited the Capital, speaking of the present scarcity of whalebone.

"This year's crop does not exceed 50,000 pounds all told. It is almost a famine. During the last ten years the harvest has run from 150,000 to 300,000 pounds; and even that was a tremendous falling off from the old days. Why, we used to expect as a matter of course from 700,000 to 1,000,000 pounds as the result of the year's catch. In those days whalebone was perhaps 70 cents a pound. Now it is $6.50 a pound here, and about $7 on the other side.

"No, that doesn't mean the revival of the whaling industry. I wish it did. But the whaling industry is dead—not in a trance, but dead—or, at any rate, dying fast, and beyond the possibility of revival. You see, in the old days the whale was chiefly valuable for his oil. Practically he supplied the world's light. But the world has found so many other ways of getting light, cheaper light, and better light, that the days of sperm whaling are well past. Gas and electricity killed that business. And now whalebone—which caters purely to feminine vanity—is the only prop left to a once great industry.

"Whale oil—a different thing from sperm oil—is still used to some extent in the trades, tanning, for instance; but it is rapidly being supplanted by menhaden oil, which is much cheaper and can be obtained close at home. Whale oil within the last decade has sold at $1 a gallon; it now sells, when it sells at all, at 38 cents; and there is little demand for it even at that price, as menhaden oil is a few cents cheaper yet. We used to run big distilleries out in San Francisco, but we've given up that branch of the business completely and are devoting ourselves entirely to the bone. The demand for the oil was not sufficient to pay for its refining and freight.

"Why doesn't whalebone, wholesaling at $6.50 a pound, mean a revival of the whaling industry? Because it costs too close to $6.50 a pound to get it to market. Whaling nowadays is not what it was. Whalers are not sailing vessels of assorted sizes and rig and monarel crews. They are big, strongly built steamers, built particularly with a view to withstanding the pressure of ice. Such vessel costs about $200,000 to build, and about $80,000 to equip for a cruise. It may be out for a year or two and come back without having more than seen a whale.

"Whales are scarce these days. Then, again, it may be out only a month or two and get caught in the ice. Last season we lost two of our vessels that way.

"The whaling grounds are ever so much farther north nowadays than they were thirty or forty years ago. Moreover, it is the "right" whale that yields bone, not the sperm whale, which was formerly hunted for its oil. The bone, as you know, is not bone, but approximately it is teeth—it forms a sort of fringe in the mouth of the right whale that acts as a sieve—prevents anything too big from going down.

"Each whalebone is long and flat, tapering to a point, and near the point is fringed with what looks not unlike horsehair, but is really fibers of the 'bone'—if one may use such an expression, considering that bone is not fibrous—real bone, at least.

"The right whale has never been very plentiful, compared with other species, and he is even less so now than formerly, or at least he's less so in accessible waters, though one of our captains who was in here a day or two ago told me that he felt sure that there were just as many of them as ever, but that the years of hot pursuit when the industry was at its height had driven them all to the inaccessible waters around the poles. They're as numerous, but not so foolish—educated by adversity, as it were.

"That is probably why this year's crop is so small, and why there are so few vessels in the business. The whole fleet—of all the world, I mean—is now scarcely a score of vessels, while it used to be 600 or 700 from New England alone. How long do you suppose it is since a whaler was fitted out or sailed from Patchogue? Or from Jefferson? Or from Bridgeport or New Haven? They used to sail from both shores of Long Island and from both shores of the Sound. Of course New Bedford and Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard were the headquarters of the whalers in those days, but there wasn't a seaport town from Maine to Cape May that didn't contribute to the whaling fleet. Now you may see in the harbor of New Bedford or of Nantucket dozens of old whalers rotting at their docks. The small fleet of today puts in and discharges its catch on the Pacific coast.

"A full grown right whale is from fifty to seventy feet long. He yields from 1,500 to 2,000 pounds of whalebone, and the 'baleens,' as the whalebone blades, or teeth, are called, may be from eight to twelve feet in length. So that it would not require the killing of any very great number of whales to supply the market, and make whalebone very cheap. But it's getting dearer and dearer every year, and even at that there is every year less in it for the owners.

"Whaling as it is done today is far more comfortable and far less dangerous for the men—the provisions are good, the big steam whaler is thoroughly seaworthy and as comfortable as any vessel in the merchant marine, the harpoon guns, which bury a bomb in the animal's head, to explode there and kill the whale, have reduced the danger to the men to a minimum, but there's very little in it for the owners. This year, as I told, the entire harvest is perhaps 50,000 pounds.

"Of that our firm handled 29,000; Lewis, of New Bradford, handled, I believe, about 14,000, and the Dundee fisheries accounted for the rest. Almost the entire catch goes abroad, most of it to the French market to be used, and a good deal of it to return to this country in the shape of fine French corsets, or in the boning of fine French costumes. That is all it is used for now that it is so tremendously expensive, and it is only used there when expense is no consideration. There are a great many substitutes, but nothing really as good, where flexibility and toughness are both desired.

"A small part of the catch is prepared in this country for the few manufacturers who make a real bone corset, and the few dressmakers who use real bone in their costumes. There are four firms in New York who 'cut' whalebone for the trade. They haven't been able this season to get enough material to keep them busy. They'll work now as long as their bone holds out and then shut down and wait until next fall, when the new catch is docked, in hopes that it may give them work once more.

"There are no two opinions about it, the get-rich-quick days of whaling are only a happy memory. Whaling itself will soon have ceased to exist as an industry.

"Its only hope is that some of these millionaires with money to burn will take it up as a sport. It would be a fine sport—more expensive than automobiling, but as exciting as tiger hunting. There's an idea for you—revive whaling as a sport. Why not?" And the old man laughed gently at the idea.

HOW UNCLE SAM WILL CLEANSE ISTHMUS

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UNCLE SAM is preparing to wage fierce warfare upon pestilence in all parts of the Isthmus of Panama. As a result of the startling reports made by health officers sent to the canal zone to investigate, the United States Government is thoroughly aroused as to the necessity of adopting the most extreme measures to transform our newly acquired strip of territory from its present status of a hotbed of virulent disease. What makes this sanitary campaign especially urgent is the conclusion which has been reached that it will be quite useless to undertake in earnest the work of constructing the interoceanic canal until the present wretched health conditions are abolished.

As a first step toward getting at the root of the evil in short order Uncle Sam is to send to Panama Col. W. C. Gorgas, the famous yellow fever expert of the United States Army. One of the obviously necessary precautionary measures will be to afford protection from yellow fever and malaria to the large number of Americans who will go to the isthmus when the work of construction on the big waterway actually begins. In solving the problems involved Colonel Gorgas will be in his own element. He is an immune and has had the widest experience, particularly in Cuba, where he won fame by a great and successful battle against the dread disease in its traditional stronghold.

Rear Admiral Rixey, the Surgeon General of the Navy, is another health expert who will soon depart to direct one line of operations in the campaign against pestilence. His special object of attention will be to ascertain what can be done to preserve the health of the hundreds of United States marines upon whom will devolve the work of policing the isthmus. These "soldiers of the navy" will be stationed in camps for long periods at a time, and in view of the generally trying climate, it is highly important not only that the camps be arranged and conducted on the most advanced sanitary ideas, but that the health conditions of the whole surroundings be taken into consideration.

How big a thing this sanitary enterprise is to prove may be appreciated from the fact that the new commission expects to spend more than half a million dollars on sanitation the first year, and Prof. W. H. Burr, who was a member of the old commission and will probably serve in an advisory capacity in this health campaign, figures that it will cost at least $2,000,000 to complete the main sanitary project—the construction of water works and a sewerage system for the cities of Panama and Colon and the drainage of the districts between these cities.

Yellow fever and smallpox are by no means the only terrors in this domain which is so sorely in need of the house-cleaning which Uncle Sam is shortly to begin on a wholesale scale. Leprosy exists in the city of Panama, and in almost every village along the line of the Panama Railroad to Colon.

Some of the reasons why Panama will be a pretty good place to keep away from until Uncle Sam has cleared the atmosphere a bit have been disclosed by Dr. Claude C. Pierce, of the Public Health Service, who was recently detailed for duty in the office of United States Consul General Gudger, at Panama. Dr. Pierce declares that the city of Panama is filthy in the extreme, as a result primarily of the antiquated sewerage system. A defective water supply adds to the deplorable situation, and in the dry season when water sells for 1 cent per gallon, baths become a luxury which only the wealthy can afford. In a trip along the forty-seven miles of the railroad line from Panama to Colon the Government investigator found that all the villages were filthy, and fever-bearing mosquitos were everywhere prevalent. At La Boca, two miles from Panama, the site of the proposed mouth of the canal, he found that no sanitary regulations whatever existed.

Bad as the outlook would seem to be, members of the new Panama Canal Commission and other Government officials are confident that the canal zone will ultimately be made a very habitable place. Rear Admiral Walker, chairman of the new commission, said the other day: "Much can be done to reduce the dangers of the climate to a minimum. I see no reason why, with the facilities the commission will have at its disposal and the assistance which will be rendered by medical science and engineering, the canal section cannot be made as healthy as any tropical country. We have done it elsewhere, and we can do it at Panama."

Washingtonian Faces Death in Wild Tibet

(Continued from Third Page.)

in the houses of the sand-buried cities of Khotan, where they have rested for more than 1,200 years. He was fortunate enough to find the possessor of some of these treasures and to be able to buy them.

"There have been a number of these fragments found," said Mr. Crosby, "but those I brought with me are the first that have ever come to this country. The others, for the most part, repose in museums in Calcutta and London. My own contributions have been partially deciphered. They are largely Buddhistic works of a religious character, but there are also some records of contracts and other similar writings, which we hope, when fully deciphered, will throw some light upon the condition and the mode of life of the peoples of those early days.

"It is certain the manuscripts are more than 1,200 years old, for that long the cities have been buried under the sands. How much older they may be can only be determined when they have been fully deciphered. They are written on Chinese rice paper, which all these years has defied the onslaughts of time."

Arms of the Wild Races.

These are not all of Mr. Crosby's treasures. The walls of his home are surrounded by Abyssinian swords and bucklers, and hung with some of the poisoned arrows with which African tribes wage their occasional wars. Cartridge belts from Adis Ababa, knives from the Soudan and other warlike instruments are all about. There are enlarged photographs of scenes in the wild countries through which he has traveled and hidden away portraits of himself in the bizarre garb of the explorer in high and cold countries.

"I am not a vain man," said Mr. Crosby, "but I should rather dislike thinking these really resemble me. I have to stop for a moment to consider which is I and which is Anginieur."

Captain Anginieur, by the way, has never recovered entirely from his sufferings. The sciatica with which he was afflicted during the journey has left its impress in the form of a limp, which he is likely to carry with him for some time, if not forever. Mr. Crosby has only in the last few days received two long letters from him, which mention the limp only by way of a jest. To one escaped from such dangers and sufferings as he endured minor matters appear trivial. So the captain looks at it, at any rate.

An Optimistic Explorer.

There is nothing of the invalid, however, about Mr. Crosby. He is ruddy and erect and strong, with the vigor of perfect health manifest in every glance and every movement. He looks every inch the athlete he must have been to have escaped with his life from the snowy fastnesses of the Tibetan plateau.

The hardships through which he passed have left him unscathed. Travel afoot, on ponies, camels, and yaks, mountain climbing, and starvation, and the imminent approach of tragic death, so narrowly averted, have only strengthened his frame and broadened his views and his sympathies.

He is quite able to understand the position of the countries that dislike and seek to repel the advent of the Western born. He knows how deeply attached they are to their old traditions and their old life, and he wonders, sometimes, if it is not for the best to leave them as they are. Talk of the "white man's burden" makes him gently weary. If he were given to strong expressions he would perhaps pronounce it cant.

"I wish half the Christians one meets were as entitled to affectionate consideration as some of the simple, gentle people I have met, in unfrequented byways of the world."